

## Vice and Morrigan: Rest Your Head

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Summary: After a perfect date, Vice has to go back to helping those in need. However, he comes home to the perfect surprise.

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Exhausted and eyes drooping slightly, Vice landed his argent on his front lawn. Between sorting out his own affairs and the troubles of others, he didn't have much time to himself. Work had especially piled up after the short breaks he had taken to work on his pet project and prepare for his date. He had spent countless hours preparing and perfecting everything, worrying all along the way but, his date with Morrigan was flawless. From the moment the date started to the time that they had to get back to work- the latter Vice loathed- the date had been perfect.

He lead his argent to the nearest feeding trough, made sure it ate its fill, and had started toward the house when a familiar pteranodon caught his eye. His exhaustion and stress evaporated as a grin spread across his face. He quietly entered his house and immediately headed to the second story. He had to resist the urge to sigh with happiness, for fear of waking up the beautiful witch in his bed. He silently changed into his nightwear and carefully lay himself beside her. Despite his best efforts to not disturb her, the witch stirred and her eyes fluttered. A small smile touched her lips.

"Vicetus?" Morrigan murmured as she snuggled closer, resting her head just under his chin.

"Sorry to wake you." He whispered, wrapping an arm around her.

Morrigan murmured something incomprehensible as she snuggled closer to him. Her eyes closed and her breathing evened; she had fallen back asleep.

Vice gently kissed her forehead. "Good night, Love."

The former Temporal Templar relaxed, finally allowing his eyes to close and his body to rest. He was soon asleep, a smile still playing on his features, with his love nestled against his chest and her head resting on his pillow.

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